

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

28

Once  
Captive—  
Now  
Captivates

Delayed by Censor ★

## CONQUERING KING IS CROWNED AS INVADERS EXTEND THEIR GAINS

By our Special Correspondent with the Army

ON Christmas Day, eleven weeks after the defeat of the English army at Hastings, the Norman Duke William was crowned King of England in Westminster Abbey. The New Year thus dawns with the invaders holding the most vital part of the country in an iron grip, and that hold, in spite of local resistance, will before long, I fear, be extended over the greater part of the land.

In my first despatch, after the Hastings battle, I wrote that there was little hope of more than isolated and sporadic resistance. Events have borne out that forecast. This is how things developed.

Moving into Dover soon after the battle, the Duke, or rather the King, occupied it without resistance. The soldiery looted, fired houses, and ill-treated the inhabitants. In spite of the King's instructions, the Norman troops have continually got out of hand. Even during the Coronation they were looting and burning in the neighbourhood of the Abbey.

Dover captured and communications with Normandy secured, the King decided that London was too great an obstacle for him to attempt its capture by direct assault. So, moving up the Roman road from Dover towards Southwark, he burned the outskirts and proceeded along the south bank of the Thames as far as Wallingford, where he received the submission of Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Laying waste the country to the west, he pushed on through Buckinghamshire to Berkhamstead. There the chief authorities of the kingdom came in to offer him their submission and also the Crown.

The short campaign was brilliantly conceived and executed. By the time the King reached Berkhamstead he was within easy reach of the road to the North, and, had he not received the surrender of the existing Government, he would

have completed his great ring round London in another couple of days or so.

The Court has now moved to Barking for the winter. There, William is astride communications with the Eastern counties; and London—that centre of roads linking up all parts of the country—is completely encircled.

It is too early yet to forecast the future. One thing, however, is certain. In previous campaigns, most of them fought without a sea barrier from the main base, a force such as that of the Normans would be for the most part disbanded, having achieved its main objects. But here conditions are different, for the sea is still between England and the main base of the invaders in Normandy. The King's army, therefore, must be kept in being, probably for years, until the pacification of the whole country is achieved. Castles will have to be erected at strategic points and garrisoned; English troops still in being as organised bodies will have to be rounded up; and the inevitable revolts and risings will have to be quelled. How long this will take it is obviously impossible to say. But we are bound to see the innovation of a long-service army.

We can therefore expect heavier taxation to pay the mercenaries, and the confiscation of English lands as rewards to the nobility and knights for their services.

ODO DREW.

★ Dated December 31st, 1066.

## INGENUITY

Two Jobs in One

Aeroplane engines, as everyone knows, are put through a rigid test on the bench for at least twelve hours before they are broken in and passed O.K. Not only does this, in the case of a 2,200 h.p. engine, use up some 2,000 gallons of precious 100 octane gas, but in the majority of cases it produces nothing but a hurricane wind.

An ingenious U.S. airplane motor-maker has put the valuable octane to a second use.

A variable-speed dynamo replaces the propeller, producing power instead of wind, at the same time providing a nearby motor-plant with more than half its power.

High Statistics

By means of a new radio device, the radiosonde, weather conditions in the "up-and-up" can now be broadcast.

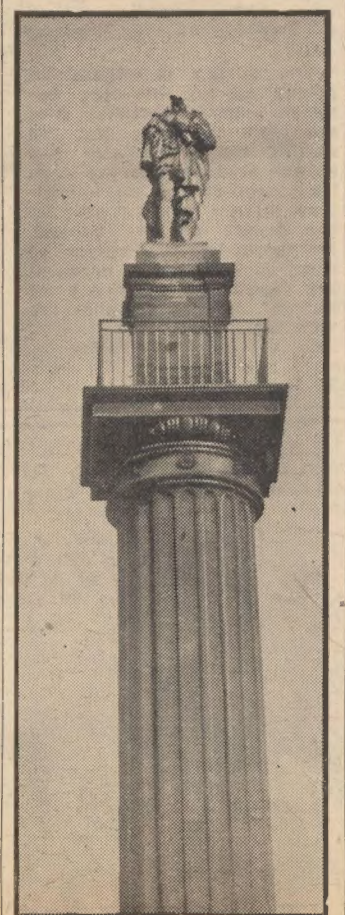
A single-tube transmitter, with a broadcasting range of 200 miles, is carried by a helium-filled balloon. At about 60,000 feet the helium balloon breaks and the radiosonde is lowered to earth by a parachute while it continues to send out its records of humidity, temperature and pressure. This device is regarded as the greatest mechanical improvement in weather forecasting since the invention of the telegraph.

From our Northern  
Correspondent  
F. W. REED

## News o' the North

CABBAGE to right of them . . . . . cabbage to left of them . . . . . the laughter it thundered, when the men of a British submarine on operations in the Mediterranean saw what was happening in the cook's galley.

The regular cook was having some well-earned sleep, and Ernie Bell, of Scotswood-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, took on the job at a moment's notice. Endeavouring to do his best for his hungry mates, with the new dehydrated foods, Ernie got to work. Unfortunately he didn't read the instructions, and had no past experience.



The beheaded Grey's Monument Newcastle.



JULIE BEHAR.

Adventure finds a way into the lives of most theatrical folk, usually it happens after they get to the stage, but Miss Julie Behar is an exception. Her biggest adventure to date was fifteen years ago, when she was three. Julie, the daughter of a wealthy diamond broker, was born in Shanghai. Like most children she loved to wander off when Nanny found a policeman to talk to in the park, and one day she wandered through the park, and not finding the shrubbery very interesting, she decided to look at the place over the street. This place happened to be an undesirable native quarter, and once over the boundary white folk infrequently returned. Julie was kidnapped and it was nearly a week before she was rescued and returned home. Two years later she was struck by a stone which smashed the window of her father's car during a riot. Julie has found adventure in London, too. But at present this one-time captive is captivating London audiences with her golden voice at the Windmill Theatre.

Showering handful after handful of concentrated cabbage into the pot, he left it cooking on the stove while he went about his job. Some time later, the sub was filled with shouts of alarm, mingled with hearty laughter. The lid of the pot had been forced off as the food had expanded, and huge quantities of steaming cabbage littered the stove and deck of the galley. The men sleeping awoke to find themselves covered in cabbage. When Ernie looked at the tin, he found it was sufficient to feed 200 men, and he had used the lot.

Gathering it all up, they used that left in the pot for the dinner, and the rest was dumped overboard when the sub surfaced some while afterwards.

VISITORS to Berwick-on-Tweed are often baffled by two men walking side by side down the streets. Of the same age, they walk, speak and dress alike right down to the watch chains hanging from their waistcoat pockets. So much are they alike that it is difficult to tell one from the other. When one raises his hat in greeting, the other does likewise.

It's not surprising to learn that they are Britain's oldest twins, Peter and James Smith. Just recently they celebrated their 77th birthday.

An old story says that when Peter's hat blew over the bridge into the river Tweed, John—so that he would not be different—decided to rid himself of his headpiece and calmly threw his into the water.

Still as fit as ever, they are always to be seen in town doing their shopping.

BEHEADED MONUMENT. . .

THE famous 130 foot high monument to Earl Grey, standing in Newcastle-on-Tyne's busiest thoroughfare, is causing much controversy among the townspeople.

A proposal has been put forward to remove the monument and rebuild it in another part of the city, because of the new town planning scheme. Other views, however, point out it's great need, which at the moment is exceptionally good for traffic, acting as a roundabout.

Some months ago the head of the stone statue—which

stands on top of a huge column—was "clipped" off by lightning and crashed to the roadway below. Since that time no visitors have been allowed to climb the winding stairway to view the surrounding districts from the top.

SMILES. . . . .

MR. R. W. SMILES, a plasterer, of Grantham-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is still leaving smiles behind him attached to his work.

In a number of Tyneside inns and pubs, a smiling face—made in plaster—looks down on the customers from the ceiling corners. Some are in the form of babies, others robust, cherry-cheeked jesters.

At one particular hostelry near South Shields he made small plaster casts of all the miners who frequented the bars. When painted they were fixed around the sitting-rooms and buffet.

"I like to leave something cheerful behind me," says Mr. Smiles, "that's why I always leave smiling faces."

HUNTING. . . . .

WITH the same name as that of a famous American hunter, Mr. Frank Buck, of Harmsby, Wensleydale, N. Yorks, is earning himself a grand name for hunting, too!

His two Lakeland terriers, "Tiger" and "Rip," are his hunting companions.

During the past few months their "bag" has been nearly 60 foxes and cubs, which are a menace to the crops, sheep and poultry in the district. Owing to the local hunts not being able to meet, their work is important, although it is done only in spare time.

"Good hunting, Mr. Buck."

EVERY Saturday in the centuries-old market below Durham City Town Hall, long queues of girls and women wait to be weighed on the meat scales. The market is only held one day each week, and the stallholders very seldom find any use for the scales, but the public do. An old bye-law states that a toll must be paid on any meat, or produce, weighed by the Corporation scales. If it is under 28lbs, the cost is 4d., if it is over that amount the fee is a penny.

The number of customers for the weighing machine has in-

## INTERVIEW WITH AN EEL

By STUART MARTIN

I HAVE interviewed an eel—in fact, two eels—and not on a plate, either. It was the straight goods.

One of them was in the crowd of six million baby eels—they go by the name of Elvers—to be dropped into the Thames. The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries wants us all to eat eels, which has been a dying habit for eels as well as human taste.

Young Elver, whom I contacted first, hoping he would clear up the Mystery of the Eels, had just swum the Atlantic. He modestly said, "It was nothing"; billions of his fellows had done the same. Others do it every year, he said.

"But what makes you do it?" I asked. "What's the idea of the long swim?"

Young Elver said it puzzled him, too. About the first thing he could remember was swimming around in the Sargasso Sea with a kind of instinctive feeling that he had to head East for England. Many of his companions were mere threads in thickness and of no size worth mentioning; but they all had the same idea that a swim to England would be O.K. So they swam.

FEEDING GROUNDS.

The going was pretty good at first; tails over heads and hand over fist. Then trouble.

"Fish came and ate up millions of us," said Young Elver. "Oh, big fish—sharks and things like that. But the survivors kept on. We were all in a swarm, and it would have been worse to have turned back. Like that guy Rommel going towards Tunis, you know."

"Although we lost millions," said Young Elver, "there were still millions going strong when we arrived in an English river."

"How long do you expect to remain in England?" I asked suspiciously.

"Well," said Young Elver, "that depends. I may, of course, finish up on a restaurant plate in jelly. Thousands of us will, to please the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. But why the heck introduce gloom into the conversation? If I remain uncaught, I'll go back to end my days in the Sargasso Sea. We all do—the survivors. If you want to know why, ask Grandpa. He is just getting ready. Ask him."

Grandpa Eel—he had long passed the stage of Young Elver—shook his head, gave a wiggle, and said honestly he couldn't explain that either.

I pointed out to him that there had always been a mystery about this. None of our scientists could tell us why eels came young to our rivers and left them again for the Sargasso Sea.

"No more can I," said Grandpa. "All I know is that something inside us makes us do it. I am going back to the Sargasso because all eels in the world go there to die, just as they are born there. I am getting on in life. I suppose it is what you call the homing instinct."

OFF TO DIE.

And he gave another wiggle and dropped down tiredly below the surface to start his long swim, with Young Elver wiggling like mad beside him: a sort of good-bye, as Young Elver hinted, as he, too, disappeared.

And the curious thing is that what both Young Elver and Grandpa told me is true. It is a fact that all the eels in the world are born in the Sargasso Sea, go abroad and swim up rivers, and return to die when they get old. Fishery experts can't explain why eels should choose the Sargasso Sea for a birthplace and also for a cemetery.

I'm sorry if this interview doesn't clean up the Eel Mystery. But if the eels themselves can't explain, you can't blame me; not too much, anyway. I done my best, ain't I?

creased enormously, until many hundreds test their weight in the one day.

Very few men are to be found waiting in the queue.



## Periscope Page

# QUIZ for today

1. What is the longest tunnel in the world?
2. In what book does Billy Bones appear?
3. How many gallons are there in a runlet of wine?
4. What is a young hare called?
5. What is ebonite made of?
6. What is a hernshaw?
7. What is pewter made of?
8. Pick out an "intruder" in the following list: Capt. Kidd, Capt. James Cook, Capt. Scott, Capt. Hook, Capt. Bligh.
9. Name the seven virtues.
10. Who painted "The Laughing Cavalier"?
11. Who is the present Poet Laureate?
12. What is a katydid?

## Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Rutlandshire.
2. In Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit."
3. K. O. Peppiatt.
4. Cygnet.
5. English mile 1,760 yds. Scottish mile 1,984 yds. Irish mile 2,240 yds. Sea mile 2,026.66 yds.
6. A stook is a shock of corn sheaves, generally 12, as set up in a field.
7. Gutta-percha.
8. Stymie.
9. Sir Andrew Duncan.



## HURDLES

MR. GEORGE GARDNER, 83-year-old hurdle-maker, of Medstead, Hants, claimed to be the oldest member of the craft. This, however, was disputed, and the championship was given to Henry Barlow, of Hampstead Norris, Berks, who is ninety.

George Gardner thatched his own cottage recently. To an enquiring stranger, he said, "Why, that's nothing, man; I mightn't be as sprightly as I used to be, but somebody's got to do the thatching, and why shouldn't it be me? You know, there aren't so many thatchers as there used to be."

# NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

H AT day I repeated to Conseil a nd Ned Land part of this conversation in which they were directly interested. When I told them that in two days' time we should be in the midst of the waters of the Mediterranean, Conseil clapped his hands, but the Canadian shrugged his shoulders.

"A submarine tunnel!" he cried; "a communication between the two seas! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

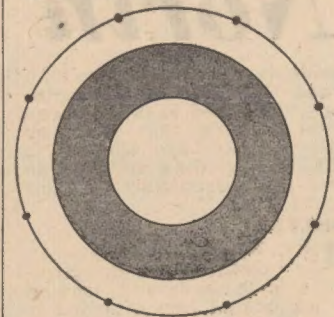
"Friend Ned," answered Conseil, "had you ever heard of such a thing as the Nautilus? No. Yet it exists. So don't shrug your shoulders so easily, and laugh at things because you have never heard of them before."

"We shall see," answered Ned Land, shaking his head. "After all, I want to believe in this captain's passage, and Heaven grant that it may take us into the Mediterranean!"



The same evening, in 21° 30' north latitude, the Nautilus, floating on the surface of the sea, approached the Arabian coast. I perceived Djeddah, the important trading-place of Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and India. I distinguished its buildings pretty clearly, the ships anchored along its quays, and those that their draught forced to anchor in the roadstead. The sun, low on the horizon, fell full upon the houses of the town, and showed off their whiteness. Outside, cabins of wood or reeds indicated the quarter inhabited by the Bedouins.

## Spot the Dots on the Circles



Here are three circles with eight dots equally spaced around the outer circle. Can you place eight dots on the second circle and eight more dots on the inner circle so that you can count 28 straight rows of dots, each containing four of the dots?

Shepherds still want hurdles, but George's profession must be nearly a dead one.

"Do you know, I couldn't get a young fellow to help me if I wanted one! This ancient trade isn't good enough for them," he remarked sadly.

Henry Barlow takes a great pride in his craft. He was born in the tiny cottage in which he lives. His father was a hurdle-maker, and young Henry began to learn the trade when he was only six years old.

Once a flourishing business, Mr. Barlow declares that there is nothing in his craft now. In the old days he could make a seven-spar hurdle for 6d. Now, because the cost of materials has risen so high, it costs him 1s. 6d.

The craft, he says, was hard hit by a strike just before the war, when materials, which used to cost 4s. rose in price to £1.

He can remember working all night at his job, and boasts of the proud record of making 1,500 laths in a day and 250 wagon spokes. Another of his accomplishments was to mow an acre of corn, bind it, and gather it, all in one day.

Mr. Barlow said that at one time he had three or four men working for him, and his wages bill came to as much as £22 or £23 a week.

Soon Djeddah disappeared in the shades of evening, and the Nautilus sank under the slightly phosphorescent waters.

The next day several ships appeared to windward. The Nautilus went on with her submarine navigation; but at noon, when her bearings were taken, the sea being deserted, she went up to the sea level.

Leaning on the sides of the vessel, we were talking about various things, when Ned Land, pointing towards a point in the sea, said—"Do you see anything there professor?"

"Yes," said I, after an attentive examination. "I perceive a long black body on the surface of the water."

"Are there any whales in the Red Sea?" asked Conseil.

"It is not a whale," said Ned Land, who did not lose sight of the object signalled. "Whales and I are old acquaintances, and I could not be mistaken in their gait."

"Wait," said Conseil. "The Nautilus is going towards it, and before long we shall know what to think about it."

The long black object was soon not a mile from us. It looked

like a great rock deposited in the open sea. What was it? I could not yet determine.

"Ah, it is moving! it plunges!" cried Ned Land. "What animal can it be? It has not even a forked tail like whales or cachalots, and its fins look like stumps."

"Then—" I began.

"It is on its back now," resumed the Canadian, "and it raises its udders in the air!"

"It's a syren," cried Conseil, "a veritable syren!"

The name of syren set me on its track, and I understood that this animal belonged to the order of marine animals of which fable has made syrens half women, half fishes.

"No," said I to Conseil, "it is not a syren, but a curious animal of which there only remain a few specimens in the Red Sea. It is a dugong."

In the meantime Ned Land was still looking. His eyes shone covetously at the sight of this animal. His hand seemed ready to harpoon it.

"Oh, sir!" he said in a voice trembling with emotion, "I have never killed any of 'that.'"

All the harpooner was in that word.

In that instant Captain Nemo appeared on the platform. He perceived the dugong, under-

## Little Weather Mysteries—No. 2

# SIGNS in the SKY

THE figure of Christ which is said to have appeared in the sky in September, 1938, Hitler's chosen date for his war on Europe, is not without precedent, and some of its forerunners have been far more mysterious, scientifically, than this fortuitous arrangement of clouds.

For instance, a report of the Dunstable vision of August 9th, 1188 A.D., made by the eyewitness, Benedict of Peterborough, runs:

"The heavens opened above them, and there appeared a cross, very long and of marvellous greatness. And there appeared upon it our Lord Jesus Christ fastened with nails: and His hands were extended upon the cross, and the wounds of His hands, feet and side were bloodstained and blood flowed down but not to the earth."

Ancient records bear witness to numerous night-visions described with monotonous

regularity as "battles in the air," and these were almost certainly cases of the aurora borealis, or "northern lights."

The aurora of 1233 resembled two huge snakes writhing and fighting together, while "fiery dragons" and "ships" were quite common. A vivid display described as "searchlights," "neon signs," and "sheets of fire," was seen all over England in 1938.

The aurora is understood to-day as an interplay between electric particles shot out from the sun, and the earth's magnetic field, but though artificial aurorae have been produced in the laboratory, science is as yet only on the fringe of the subject. Meteorologists are hoping to trace a connection between the frequency and type of auroral displays and the weather.

The three chief forms of aurora are the arch, the curtains, and the streamers. The

colour is commonly greenish-white or greenish-yellow, sometimes with red or violet mixed. The lights are constantly flickering and changing their forms.

The actual rays appear to occur at two distinct levels, one at a height of about 500 miles above the earth, in layers of atmosphere still bathed in sunlight, and the other at about 60 miles above the earth, in the darkness caused by the earth's shadow.

Many observers have heard crackling noises during auroral displays, and these have been described as "the sound of burning grass," the "swish of silk," and "like falling spray." The noises have been confirmed by reliable observers, yet science is utterly unable to connect them with the lights.

At the great heights of auroral activity the atmosphere is much too thin to convey such sounds, and it has been thought that what

## Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

stood the Canadian's attitude, and said to him—

"Well, you may try."

"Thank you, sir," answered Ned Land, with eyes aflame.

"Is the dugong dangerous to attack?" I asked, in spite of the Canadian's contemptuous shrug.

"Yes, sometimes," answered the captain. "It turns on its assailants and wrecks their boats. But for Ned Land that danger is not to be feared. If I recommend him not to miss the dugong it is because it is justly considered fine game, and I know that Ned Land likes good meat."

"Ah!" said the Canadian, "so that animal gives himself the luxury of being good to eat?"

"Yes, Mr. Land. Its flesh, a veritable meat, is much esteemed, and in all Malasia it is kept for princes' tables. This animal is

Continued on Page 3.

the observers really heard were electric discharges near the ground.

The traditional, but mistaken, belief that the aurora is always followed by bad weather has been explained by the fact that since the lights are only seen when the sky is clear, it is more often followed by clouds and rain than the reverse.



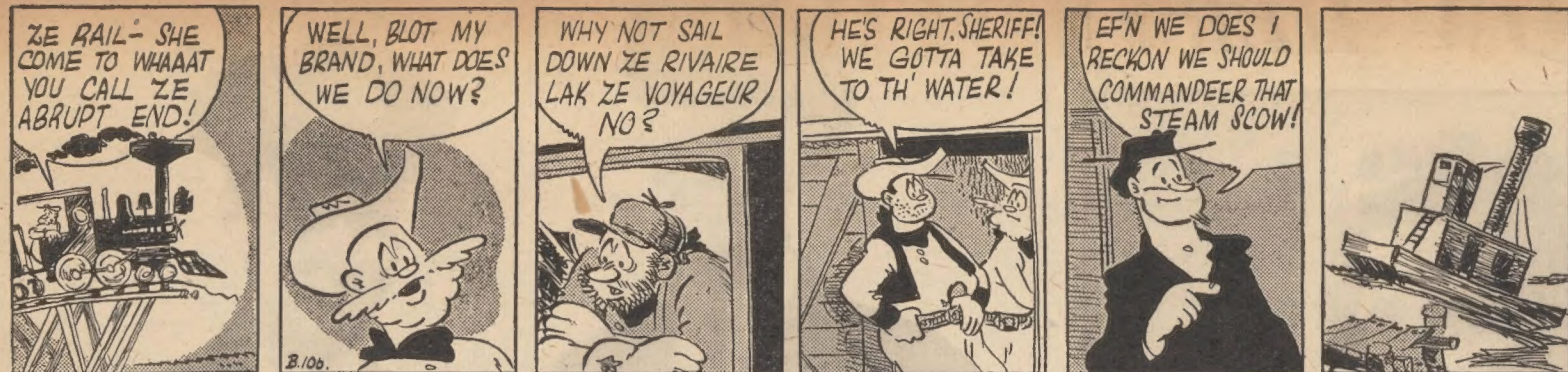
"Curtain" Aurora.

## JANE

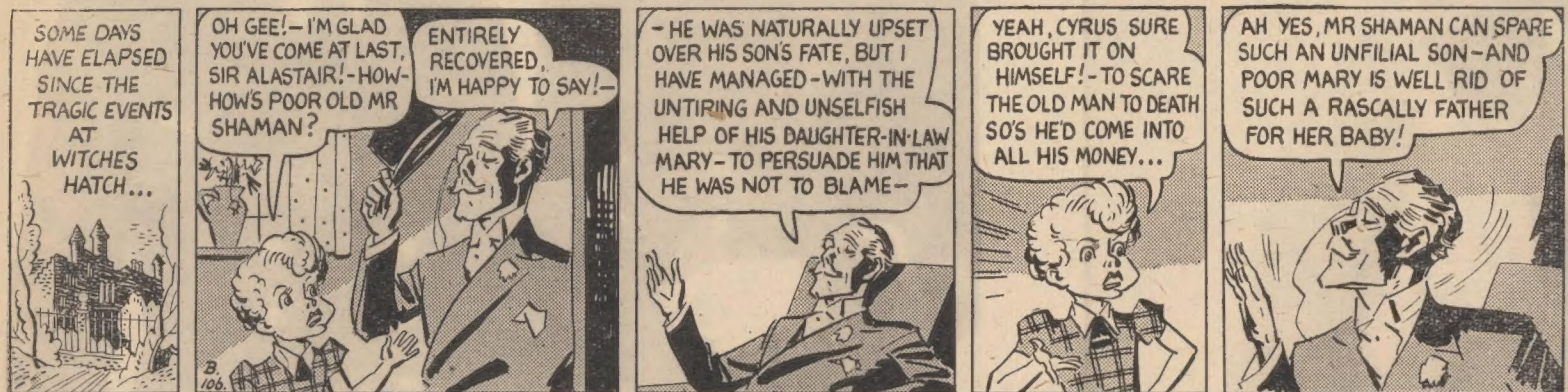




Beelzebub Jones



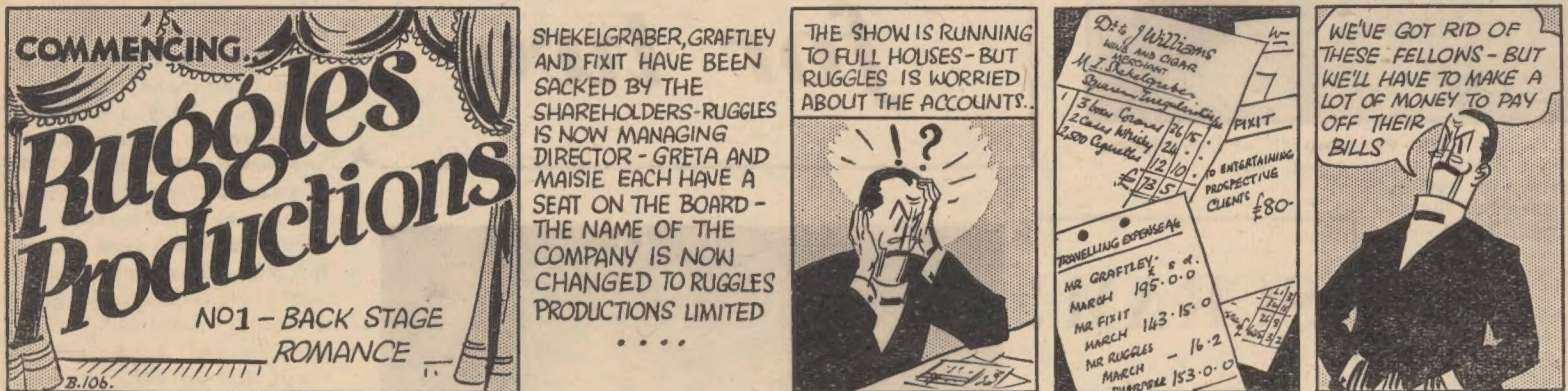
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



HOW MANY RIGHT?

If the greenhorn who thinks that a Wop cruiser is an Italian light-heavy-weight will kindly keep quiet, we will now proceed to announce the results of matches in yesterday's Soccer Pool.

(Deep breath.)

... And this is John Nelson reading it.

F.A. CUP-SECOND ROUND.

Bristol Rovers	0	Bournemouth	3
Cardiff	1	Crewe Alex.	0
Chelmsford	3	Darlington	1
Chester	2	Hull City	2
Folkestone	1	Yeovil and P.	1
Gainsborough	0	Doncaster	1
Halifax	1	Mansfield	1
Hartlepool	0	Q.P.R.	2
Horden	2	Newport	3
Ipswich	4	Torquay	1
Lincoln	8	Bromley	1
Port Vale	0	Southend	1
Runcorn	3	Aldershot	1
Scunthorpe	1	Watford	2
Southport	2	Swindon	0
Stockport	0	Walthamstow	0
Walsall	4	Clapton Orient	2

DIVISION I.

Birmingham	5	Brentford	1
Bolton	1	Aston Villa	2
Charlton	0	Wolves	4
Chelsea	3	Huddersfield	0
Leeds	3	Sunderland	3
Leicester	2	Derby	3
Liverpool	2	Grimsby	2
Manchester Utd.	1	Arsenal	0
Middlesbrough	9	Blackpool	2
Preston N.E.	0	Everton	1
Stoke City	1	Portsmouth	1

DIVISION II.

Burnley	1	Manchester City	1
Coventry	3	Fulham	1
Luton	5	Chesterfield	0
Newcastle	6	Bury	0
Norwich	2	Tranmere	0
Nottingham F.	3	Sheffield Wed.	3
Plymouth	0	Swansea	0
Sheffield Utd.	3	Bradford	1
Southampton	1	Blackburn	3
Tottenham	4	Millwall	0
W.B.A.	3	West Ham	2

DIVISION III (N.).

Accrington	0	Rochdale	5
Barnsley	2	Gateshead	0
Barrow	4	Rotherham	1
Bradford City	6	York City	0
New Brighton	2	Carlisle	3
Oldham	4	Wrexham	2

DIVISION III (S.).

Exeter	3	Northampton	2
Reading	2	Bristol City	2

SCOTTISH LEAGUE-DIVISION I.

Aberdeen	2	Albion R.	1
Clyde	2	Hearts	6
Falkirk	2	Motherwell	1
Hamilton	2	Rangers	1
Hibernian	1	Third Lanark	1
Partick	3	Arbroath	1
Queen of the Sth.	4	Raith Rovers	2
Queen's Park	1	Kilmarnock	5
St. Johnstone	1	Celtic	1
St. Mirren	2	Ayr	1

Matches were played on December 10, 1938. Only 14 shopping days before Christmas!

JOHN NELSON.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

so much hunted, that it becomes more and more rare. "Then, sir captain," said Conseil seriously, "if this one should be the last of its race, ought it not, in the interest of science, to be spared?"

"Perhaps," replied the Canadian; "but in the interest of our table it is better to pursue it."

At that moment seven of the crew, mute and impassable as usual, came upon the platform. One was carrying a harpoon and a line similar to those employed by whale-fishers. The deck was taken off the boat, which was lifted from its niche and thrown into the sea. Six rowers took their places on the seats, and the coxswain at the helm. Ned, Conseil, and I seated ourselves aft.

"Are you not coming, captain?" I asked.

"No, sir, but I wish you much success."

The boat, rowed vigorously, went rapidly towards the dugong, which was then floating about two miles from the Nautilus.

When it arrived within a few cables' length of the cetacean it slackened speed, and the oars dipped noiselessly into the tranquil waters. Ned Land, harpoon in hand, went and stood at the prow. The whale-harpoon is generally fastened to a very long cord that rapidly unwinds as the



wounded animal drags it away. But here the cord was not more than ten cables long, and its extremity only was fastened to a little barrel to float on the surface and indicate the course of the dugong under water.

The dugong that Ned Land was preparing to attack was of colossal dimensions, not less than eight yards long. It was not moving, and seemed to be sleeping on the surface of the water, a circumstance that made its capture easier.

The boat prudently approached to within three cables' length of the animal. The oars remained suspended on their rowlocks. I half rose. Ned Land, his body thrown slightly backward, brandished his harpoon in his experienced hand.

Suddenly, a hissing sound was heard, and the dugong disappeared. The harpoon, launched with force, had doubtless only struck the water.

"The devil!" cried the Canadian in a rage. "I have missed it!"

"No," I said, "the animal is wounded; there is its blood, but your instrument did not remain in its body."

"My harpoon! my harpoon!" cried Ned Land.

The sailors rowed vigorously, and the coxswain guided the boat towards the floating barrel. When the harpoon was fished up again the boat began to pursue the animal.

(Continued to-morrow)

POETS' CORNER

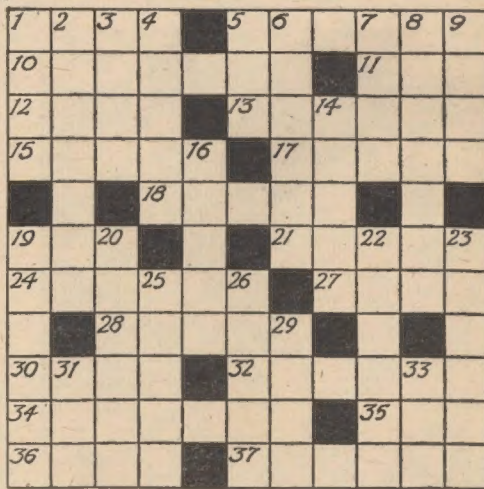
TRY YOUR HAND AT THIS BLANK-BLANK VERSE

Four seven-letter words are represented by blanks in the following four-line verse. Each one of the four missing words is spelled with the same seven letters. Can you supply them?

The bishop . . . every man who has leisure  
To study . . . windows devoid of a flaw  
And . . . of devoting his money to pleasure,  
This . . . man gives it to help win the war.

Send us your stories, jokes, drawings and ideas—help produce your own newspaper.

CROSSWORD CORNER



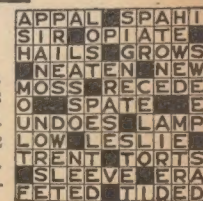
CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Talon.
- 5 Groups of ships.
- 10 Boy's name.
- 11 Through.
- 12 Aid.
- 13 Scoffing.
- 15 Tend to reverse.
- 17 Chats.
- 18 Rambler.
- 19 Small mouthful.
- 21 Secured with cordage.
- 24 Pulled.
- 27 Proboscis.
- 28 Equestrian.
- 30 Lake bird.
- 32 In the direction of.
- 34 Marks with spots.
- 35 Part of shoe.
- 36 Recompenses.
- 37 Fame.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Scorch.
- 2 Herbaceous plant.
- 3 Level space.
- 4 Eye.
- 5 Fruit.
- 6 Hang about.
- 7 Bad.
- 8 Clinking sounds.
- 9 Droops.
- 14 Double girloin.
- 16 Weary.
- 19 Crustacean.
- 20 Cleanliness.
- 22 Common vegetable.
- 23 Blunt.
- 25 Leans over.
- 26 Discourage.
- 29 Familiar flower.
- 31 Throat-wrap.
- 33 Commotion.





**Good Morning** ★

**KNOW HER?** ★

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



★ **YOU** probably saw Marie Sellar in Iceland, Scapa Flow, Portsmouth or Devonport, or at any other place where ENSA parties get to.

I had a card from Marie recently—she is still with ENSA, but now at Mediterranean bases—so you may see her there. Marie and I have a habit of meeting at the oddest of times and in the oddest of places.

About six years ago we first met when she made her London debut in the Gate Revue.

The next time was at the Casino in Dieppe, which, during the evacuation of the B.E.F. was a casualty clearing station, where she sang, by my special request, "Sally."

Eighteen months ago, when she lost all her props and clothes in the blitz, we met again in an air raid shelter of a London theatre. If you are going that way, and you have room for a passenger, will you drop me off at some Med base please?  
—Ronald Richards.



## Nesting Time?

"Looks a bit strange to me, too. I certainly like the nest you've provided, but every time I want to get inside it, the darn thing shuts with a snap."

★ **SCRAM!** ★



★ "Didn't you read the notice — 'NO Dogs Allowed in This Park'?" ★



## Congratulations for two

★ "Good Morning" offers its congratulations to the first two R.N.V.R. officers to be given command of submarines. They are Lieut.-Commander Frederick H. Sherwood, D.S.C., R.C.N.V.R., of Ottawa (first V.R. Officer to receive a command) and Lieut. Edward Young, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., 29-year-old London publisher, second to be given a similar command. Good hunting and good luck to them and to their crews.

★ ★

**SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF**

"Good—another dog in trouble!"

